

Bob Lee Talks About The Town Pet "Buzz"

No one's ever caught a buzzard before
except maybe Marlin Perkins
and that was for a zoo
and doesn't count.

We scrounged through all the woods
looking for something dead
that wasn't damaged much
by the frost or bugs.

We found a gopher full of ants
and a mother rabbit
that the maggots turned
into something sick.

We skinned one or two rabbits
and put them in the field
with foot snares all around.
That didn't work.
We sprinkled grain alcohol
over hog maws and brains.
That didn't work.
We were feeding it.

One person saying "tranquilize it."
Another shouting "poison darts."
All order was lost.
It got to be a joke.

Brad O'Stonnahan's the genius.
He smeared pig blood on his face
And hands and lay still for five hours.
Then knocked it with a club.

We keep it in a cage made of
welded coat hangers
and feed it all the dead things
we can find.

It is as ugly as hell
and smells like the devil
but there's something funny
about seeing it locked up.

Miller the town philosopher says
we have conquered death
by keeping it enchained
and highly visible.

-- John McKernan

New York, New York